

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 17, 1834.

No. 38.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

IMPROVEMENTS OF THE 'LONDON JOURNAL' FOR THE
ENSUING YEAR.

As all Periodicals, at the commencement of a new year, must desire to obtain fresh readers, and show regard to old ones, by as much improvement or novelty as they can devise, and as we have no inclination to be behind-hand with our contemporaries in evincing either our zeal or gratitude, we hereby give a fortaste of our proper Journal pretensions, by setting modesty utterly aside; and do fairly acknowledge, that on Wednesday, the 7th of January next, we mean to be extremely brilliant and astonishing.

It is of no use to mince the matter. If we have been good hitherto, we mean to be twenty-fold better then. If people (particularly those of a lofty five-shilling turn of mind) have been hitherto astonished how we could sell our weekly stores of knowledge and entertainment for the unmentionable sum of three half-pence, they shall then be amazed beyond endurance. Men shall be found, with our Journal in their hands, staring and immovable, under peril of a locked-jaw; while the fair sex, with a sweeter access of frenzy, and agreeably to their more patient endurance of a transport, yet not knowing withal how to express their satisfaction, shall be tempted literally to devour our pages,—perhaps in a sandwich, as Miss Catharine Fisher, out of a less exalted feeling, did the bank-note.

Good heavens! if all our contemporaries improve as we do, what a periodical literature we shall have! The old 'Gentleman's Magazine,' their father, will be so very old and very gentlemanly, that nothing will ever have been seen so venerable, not even his churches. 'Blackwood' will be so intense, that there will be no distinguishing him from the woods and fountains he speaks of. His magazine, coming to us, overshadowing, will be like a visit from the clouds and mountain tops of the primeval world; or of Greece with all its isles. 'Tait' and the 'Monthly Repository' will blow such notes of advancement, that we shall all of a sudden be living in the twenty-first century, all thriving and merry, our days cut beautifully in two betwixt work and leisure. 'Fraser' will bring English orthodoxy so well acquainted with Irish and French vivacity, that all three shall be astonished at finding themselves shaking hands over Rabelais' 'Oracle of the Bottle.' The 'New Monthly' shall be so very polite and "distingué," that men shall put a leaf of it into their button holes instead of myrtle. The 'Metropolitan' shall begin a new novel once a month, and render us so jolly and maritime that, like the drinkers in the 'Naufragium Jocular,' we shall take our room for a ship, and begin tossing the furniture out of window to lighten her. Then the orthodox 'Dublin University Magazine' shall more and more delight the "candid reader" by praising Whigs who write about forest-trees, and Radicals who can relish claret. All war, in short, shall become, in a manner, all peace,—the war being only a sort of robust joviality,—a Donny-brook fair,—to relish the peace with; and peaceful magazines shall, of course, have a prodigious deal to do. Mr Loudon, with his 'Architectural,' 'Gardening,' and 'Naturalist's' Magazines, shall build all our houses for us, plant all our gardens, and illustrate all our fields.

[From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney-street.]

By the way, what have we done, that the 'Monthly Repository' has not been sent us, ever since we made an extract from it? And how is it, that 'Tait' and 'Blackwood' are not sent, as they used to be when we wrote in another Journal? Our universalities, we are sure, do not offend them. They are too much in earnest themselves. And, agreeably to the insolence of our companionship, we must remind them of an anecdote in Boswell. Johnson dined one day in company with Wilkes, at Dilly's, the bookseller in the Poultry. There was a coldness at first; but wine, wit, and natural humanity, fused all parties together before dinner was over; and Wilkes, leaning back in his chair, and speaking to some one behind Johnson's back, said, in a stage-whisper, "I understand Dr Johnson has written a very fine book (the 'Lives of the Poets'); but I am a poor patriot, and have not been able to see it." "Mr Dilly," said Johnson, smiling with benignity, (as Boswell says,) "be good enough to send a copy of the 'Lives' to Mr Wilkes." Now we have no ambition to compare ourselves with Wilkes, except inasmuch as he desired the public welfare (if he did); but we may be allowed, without any immodesty, to measure our inability to buy books with an Alderman and Member of Parliament; and "candid readers" are deserving the consideration of good editors.

To return to our subject;—we propose, in our next year's Journal, in addition to most of the features of the year past, to give regular notices of the Fine Arts and Music; a Memoir (every week) of some eminent person, taken from some good author; regular extracts from good books of Travels, so that the reader may go round the world with us in the course of the twelvemonth; specimens, also (we hope) of the best English Poets; and a sprinkle of more original matter, generally. And the proprietors of 'Mr Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays' (which are out of print) have kindly permitted us to promise one of them for every successive week, till the series be completed.

SHAKSPEARE AND CHRISTMAS, AND MR LANDOR'S NEW WORK.

SHAKSPEARE and Christmas! How naturally the idea of Shakspeare can be made to associate itself with anything which is worth mention! Christmas is coming; Shakspeare is always at hand; a man of genius has just written a book upon him; and the two ideas, or all three, fall as naturally and seasonably together, as festivity, and heart and soul. So you may put together "Shakspeare and May," or "Shakspeare and June," and twenty passages start into your memory about spring and violets. Or you may say "Shakspeare and Love," and you are in the midst of a bevy of bright damsels, as sweet as rose-buds; or "Shakspeare and Death," and all graves, and thoughts of graves, are before you; or "Shakspeare and Life," and you have the whole world of youth, and spirit, and Hotspur, and life itself; or you may say even "Shakspeare and Hate," and he will say all that can be said for hate, as well as against it, till you shall take Shylock himself into your Christian arms, and tears shall make you of one faith.

As it is true that "extremes meet," so do we verily hold that extreme greatness and extreme goodness

(as far as man can have either) meet in the same individual; and being extremely good, Shakspeare, for all his greatness, or rather, by reason of it, must needs have been a good fellow; and being a good fellow, it follows that he must have been a good hand at Christmas. There have, undoubtedly, been bad great men; but, inasmuch as they were bad, they were not great. Their greatness was not intire. There was a great piece of it omitted. They had heads, legs, and arms, but they wanted hearts; and thus were not whole men. Besides, men of this kind, like Polyphemus, have but one eye; for bad men see but half; and their palates are poor, one-tasted things,—callous except to great excitements. They could not even partake of a dinner off a cut-apple with a child, without calling to mind their dignity, or their brandy, or some such thing; and how could such unhappy persons have a true relish of Christmas? Now Shakspeare, who manifestly saw everything that could be seen, and relished everything that had a taste, great and small, could not, and would not, (God and good health willing) have refused to join any festivity that had a heart in it; and he could neither have been the man he was, nor the poet he was, nor the "player-man" he was, nor have led the life he did, nor have had such good-humoured knowledge of country and town pastimes, of sheep-shearings, and taverns, and "good men's feasts," and Falstaff, and Sir Toby, and *Twelfth-Night* (mark you that!)—if he had not been in request at Christmas, and (to use his own phrase) often "set the table in a roar." Nobody talks so well of such things, without having had a relishing experience of them; and there is reason to believe that, like the thoroughly-discerning man he was, Shakspeare, through all that he had seen, had come to the conclusion that there was nothing better on earth than love and good-fellowship; for this is not only the conclusion, abstractedly speaking, which the logic of the question might bring him to, but it is understood, and is most highly credible, that *Twelfth-Night*, with *Viola* and *Christina* in it, was the last play he wrote.

But we must hasten, this week, to let a writer speak of Shakspeare, who has spoken of him as writer has never yet spoken in England, and we have had eloquent utterers to that matter too; nay, he has dared to make Shakspeare himself speak, and shown that he had a right to dare it.

It was said by a candid saint, in a fit of the phraseology of this world, "Deuce take those who have said our good things before us!" (Pereant male qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.) We add, Deuce take those who quoted the saying before us;—but above all, Deuce take him who wrote the article on Mr Landor's book (for it is of this book we speak) in the 'Examiner' of the week before last;—and Deuce particularly take him for having said our good things so well, that it becomes a matter of modesty with us not even to claim them. Hard is it to practise that saintly virtue of candour; but out the truth must come,—and the truth is, that the nicety of the critical feeling in that article is worthy of the book it criticises; and after what we have said of the book, the reader may judge of its review.

Our only comfort is, as all our friends will testify to whom we spoke of the book, that we hailed and trumpeted it to every body in private the moment we got it, and before we had time to speak of it publicly. So if two men think alike upon the

general merits of a subject, and one of these satisfies the other, we cannot help it; we shall simply proceed to act as our friend the *main* would have done on the like occasion, and with an impudence becoming our love and veracity (for extremes meet, and there is nothing so daring as your perfect innocence), extract the whole of the article into our columns. Yes, the whole;—for though the *Examiner* is a paper as celebrated as it is witty and argumentative, yet its price (moderate as it is,) and its partisanship (however sincere) may keep it out of hands into which the *LONDON JOURNAL* goes. The article, therefore, will have additional readers; those who have read it before will be glad to read it again (we beg to say that we were the inventors of that useful piece of assertion); and, finally, we cannot help taking every bit of it for our own satisfaction. We might omit the first two paragraphs, but there is capital talk about Shakespeare in them, and this present unworthy article of ours is about Shakespeare as well as Mr Landon. We have omitted only one passage, of a few lines; because, however justifiable it is in its own place, it would not be equally so in a paper which professes to be a neutral ground, set apart from everything hostile or controversial. Next week, we shall give some extracts from Mr Landon's book, which are not to be found in the article of our contemporary.

Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare, Euseby Treen, Joseph Carnaby, and Silas Gough, clerk, before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer-stealing, on the 19th day of September, in the year of Grace 1582, now first published from Original Papers. To which is added, a Conference of Master Edmund Spenser, a Gentleman of Note, with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, A.D. 1595. Saunders and Otley, 1834.

This is a book of remarkable genius—an honour to the age. High wit, imagination, and the sweetest pathos, are its least distinguished characteristics. It is steeped in the deepest waters of humanity. It would have been called a gentle book when that term meant all that was noble as well as mild and wise. It deserves to have its dwelling-place near the loved and everlasting name of Shakespeare, and we are very sure that posterity will find it there.

For ourselves, we have adopted it as the faithful record of some authentic pages in the life of the young poet. Of these, we have "alas! too few"—and we cannot see why so excellent a romance should not stand for a piece of reality. How strange it is that so little should be known of the personal history of Shakespeare! Was it that the radiance of his genius quenched the paler light of his life? Had his contemporaries in literature lost their sense of his personal identity in the universal character of his fame? Ben Jonson's learning, the weight of Marlowe's mighty line, the dark gloom of Ford, streaked with its moonlight gleams of pathos, the domestic prose-poetry of Heywood, the terrible graces of Webster and of Decker, the earnestness and precision of Middleton, the comprehensive thought of Massinger, and the sweetness of Fletcher—all these have an individual character, which is stamped on the admiring love with which we regard the memories of the men. They never published anything that did not remind each other of their own personal existence. Not so with Shakespeare. When *Falstaff* succeeded his *Hamlet*, and *Lear* followed *Falstaff*, who ever thought of him? He might be seen, we presume, at the Globe or the Mermaid; he might win hearts there by his flowing facility or wit or fancy—by his brave notions and gentle expressions; but never, we dare be sworn, did he excite there, or in his time, a tithe of the reverent and loving admiration we pay to the Creator of a World. His genius was, in short, too large and universal to be referred to himself, sitting in the common ranks of men. His companions never could associate them—never dreamt of them as of mutual and reciprocating interest—and never fancied, therefore, that a later posterity would. Surely, had they done so, they would have gathered together for us some records of his personal career, and marked out for us more distinctly, as a shrine for pilgrimage, the tomb of the man. But, no—his works, they said, would be a "monument without a tomb." They were to be associated with no sense of mortality—nor could we now have had the definite certainty that their author was not, in truth, the demigod that they express him, but for our chance possession of that "key," which, while it "unlocks his heart," proves it to be mortal. Thanks to the bookseller who scraped together the sonnets of Shakespeare! There the immortal poet pours out his mortal sorrows. There we feel with him on the common ground of life; there we see him laying on his heart the low-

liest duties; there we follow him through the conflicts of duty and passion, and through a sea of troubles, discontents, and sorrows; there we find that the web of his life, too, was a mingled yarn, and that he, the so potent master, at whose feet the world of spirits and of nature laid their richest treasures, and to whom all the sources of truth and beauty and delight were open, could yet be baffled by the unkindness of his fellow-men: could see them join against him with the "spite of fortune;" and, troubled and despairing, "desiring this man's art, and that man's scope"—could, at last, in the bitterness of his anguish, "look upon himself, and curse his fate!" But, for all that, what a humane and generous world is that of Shakespeare! He, who felt its wrongs, felt also the allowances to be made for them. He knew, let what would betide, that "beautiful usages were remaining still, kinder affections, radiant hopes, and ardent aspirations." He knew that "there is in the blood of man, as in the blood of animals, that which giveth the temper and disposition, and that these require nurture and culture." He chose the nobler part, therefore, of cherishing and cultivating these; and for him, in grief or in gladness, we are surely always kinder and happier. The words we have quoted are words from the volume before us. They call us back to it from our dreams of Shakespeare.

This book is something better than a dream. Concealed in the dress of fiction, its purpose is the assertion of truth. A most exalted moral aim is the "heart of its mystery." The youth, William Shakespeare, is brought before Sir Thomas Lucy on the charge of deer-stealing. The persons present at the examination are the knight's chaplain, Silas Gough—his clerk, the quaint and trustworthy Ephraim Barnett, whose report the book purports to be—and two countrymen, who bear witness against Shakespeare. The whole conduct of the thing is admirable. We have Sir Thomas Lucy before us in his large, comfortable, easy chair, a portly theologian, and, in his own conceit, a great poet, very stately at first, but gradually relaxing under the influence of the wonderful culprit he has before him, until, at last—fairly subdued by the stream of wit, eloquence, poetry, reason, and religion, poured out upon him by the stealer of his deer—he lies back in his chair in his very easiest attitude, opens his ears to their widest stretch, and tells "honest Willy" to "go on" with his sermons. He throws in a word or two here and there to secure his own dignity and superiority, but it is easy to see who has the upper hand. He is led by the nose, by the eyes, and by the ears—no faculty of him can withstand the fascination of Shakespeare!

"I am not ashamed to avouch that it goeth against me to hang this young fellow, richly as the offence in its own nature doth deserve it, he talketh so reasonably; not indeed so reasonably, but so like unto what a reasonable man may listen to and reflect on. There is so much, too, of compassion for others in hard cases, and something so very near in semblance to innocence itself in that airy swing of light-heartedness about him. I cannot fix my eyes (as one would say) on the shifting and sudden shade-and-shine, which cometh back to me, do what I will, and mazes me in a manner, and blinks me."

This exquisite aside is addressed to his chaplain; but Sir Silas Gough is an ill-natured person who doesn't like Shakespeare's religion, who doesn't "relish such mutton-broth divinity, making him sick in order to settle his stomach," who somewhat "smokes" the youth's object besides, and who, moreover, has grown very impatient during the examination, for, says honest Ephraim Barnett—

"He had ridden hard that morning, and had no cushion upon his seat as Sir Thomas had—and I have seen, in my time, that he who is seated on beechwood hath very different thoughts and moralities from him who is seated on goose-feathers under doek-skin"—and so the said chaplain proposes he may be committed at once, and afterwards sentenced to death or not, for "the penalty of the law may be commuted, if expedient, on application to the fountain of mercy, in London." Then answers the humanity which lurks behind the dignity of Sir Thomas, in these beautiful words:—

"May be, Silas, those shall be standing round the fount of mercy who play in idleness and wantonness with its waters, and let them not flow widely, nor take their natural course. Dutiful gallants may encompass it, and it may linger among the flowers they throw into it, and never reach the parched lip on the way-side. These are homely thoughts—thoughts from a field, thoughts for the study and housekeeper's room. But whenever I have given utterance to them, as my heart hath often prompted me with beatings at the breast, my hearers seem to bear towards me more true and kindly affection than my richest fancies and choicest phraseologies could purchase."

But we are getting on too fast. Let us go back a little. Our next extract shall be from the evidence of Joseph Carnaby, who watched the deer-stealers at their night-work. Mark how finely this passage shadows out the thoughts of the young poet, lightly

and darkly thrown from him in the night; and what a capital picture he, and his strange vagaries, and his wondering companions, and their unlawful business, make! The witness himself, Joseph Carnaby, while he is delivering his evidence, cannot get rid of the awe the scene had thrown over him as he listened, and he looks more gully-like than the Strange Thief. "Willy stands there," says the recording Ephraim, "with all the courage and composure of an innocent man; and, indeed, with more than what an innocent man ought to possess in the presence of a magistrate." Now hear the evidence:—

"At this moment one of the accomplices cried 'Willy, Willy! pryttee stop! enough in all conscience! first, thou diverted'st us from our undertaking with thy strange vagaries; thy Italian girl's nursery sighs; thy Pucks and pinchings, and thy Windsor whimsies. No kitten upon a bed of marum ever played such antics. It was summer and winter, night and day, with us within the hour; and with such religion did we think and feel it, we would have broken the man's jaw that gainsayed it. We have slept with thee under the oaks in the ancient forest of Arden, and we have wakened from our sleep in the tempest far at sea. Now art thou for frightening us again out of all the senses thou hadst given us, with witches and women more murderous than they.' Then followed a deeper voice; 'Stouter men and more resolute are few; but thou, my lad, hast words too weighty for flesh and bones to bear up against. And who knows but these creatures may pop amongst us at last, as the wolf did sure enough, upon him, the noisy rogue, who so long had been crying wolf! and wolf!'"

Some papers are found in the young Thief's pocket, and read out in the Justice-room. Here is one of them, called the 'Maid's Lament,' and in pathos we never felt anything beyond it. The reader will take it to his heart for ever:—

"I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him, once I sought,
And wearied all my thought,
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart; for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,
'These may she never share!'
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould;
Where children spell, athwart the church-yard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoever you be,
And oh! pray, too, for me!"

Whereupon Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, passeth the following acute criticism:—

"Of all the youths that did ever write in verse, this one verily is he who hath the fewest flowers and devices. But it would be loss of time to form a border, in the fashion of a kingly crown, or a dragon, or a Turk on horseback, out of buttercups and dandelions. * * The wench herself might well and truly have said all that matter without the poet, bating the rhymes and metre."

Let the reader take this to his heart too:—

"This is the only kindness I ever heard of Master Silas towards his fellow-creatures. Never hold me unjust, Sir Knight, to Master Silas. Could I learn other good of him, I would freely say it; for we do good by speaking it, and none is easier. Even bad men are not bad men, while they praise the just. Their first step backward is more troublesome and wrenching to them than the last forward."

We have said that the purpose of this book is one of a very lofty kind. Its wit and pathos, its humour, fancy, and imagination, are only made subservient to the most exalted expression of morality, to the embodiment of the subtlest and most profound spirit of humanity. Shakespeare, observing the Knight's theological turn, launches forth into sundry disquisitions, moral and religious, gleaned, as he says, from the discourses of a certain Doctor Glaston of Oxford. And though the worthy Justice sometimes seems to yearn for an authority, for something doctrinal—though he has a sort of half-longing for a thread or two from the coat of an apostle—is thirsty, it may be, for a smack of Augustine—or hankereth after the perfume of a sprig from Basil—still he lieth back, as we fancy, in his great easy chair, 'twirls (perhaps) his thumbs over each other as easily as he can for the gout, and urges "Willy" to go on. The reader may pardon this defalcation from doctrine and the fathers, when he observes the light that leads astray. It is light indeed—a full beam of generous truth—of the rays of Heaven.

But first observe Shakspeare's introduction to this pretended Dr Glaston, and the true philosophy of the passage:—

"What may thy name be, and where is thy abode?" William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, at your service, sir. "And welcome," said he; "thy father, ere now, hath bought our College wool. A truly good man we ever found him; and I doubt not he hath educated his son to follow him in his paths. There is in the blood of man, as in the blood of animals, that which giveth the temper and disposition. These require nurture and culture. But what nurture will turn flint stones into garden mould? or what culture rear cabbages in the quarries of Hedington Hill? To be well-born is the greatest of all God's primary blessings, young man, and there are many well-born among the poor and needy. Thou art not of the indigent and destitute, who have great temptations; thou art not of the wealthy and affluent, who have greater still. God hath placed thee, William Shakspeare, in that pleasant island, on one side whereof are the syrens, on the other the harpies, but inhabiting the coasts on the wide continent, and unable to make their talons felt, or their voices heard by thee. Unite with me in prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings thus vouchsafed. We must not close the heart when the fingers of God would touch it. Enough if thou sayest only 'My soul, praise thou the Lord.'"

We trust none of our readers may take offence at the notion of this said Doctor Glaston, being neither Bishop, nor Bishop's Ordinary, presuming to propose a catechism to priests themselves. He does this in the following, and how finely!

"Let us preachers, who are sufficiently liberal in bestowing our advice upon others, inquire of ourselves whether the exercise of spiritual authority may not be sometimes too pleasant, tickling our breasts with a plume from Satan's wing, and turning our heads with that inebriating poison which he hath been seen to instil into the very chalice of our salvation. Let us ask ourselves in the closet, whether, after we have humbled ourselves before God in our prayers, we never rise beyond the true standard in the pulpit; whether our zeal for the truth be never overheated by internal fires less holy; whether we never grow stiffly or sternly pertinacious at the very time when we are reproving the obstinacy of others; and whether we have not frequently so acted as if we believed that opposition were to be relaxed and borne away by self-sufficiency and intolerance. Believe me, the wisest of us have our catechism to learn; and these, my dear friends, are not the only questions contained in it. No Christian can hate: no Christian can malign: nevertheless, do we not often hate and malign those unhappy creatures who are insensible to God's mercies? And I fear this unchristian spirit swells darkly, with all its venom, in the marble of our hearts, not because our brother is insensible to these mercies, but because he is insensible to our faculty of persuasion, turning a deaf ear unto our claim upon his obedience, or a blind or sleepy eye upon the fountain of light, whereof we deem ourselves the sacred reservoirs."

Then Sir Thomas hearing this, and secretly delighted, nevertheless thinks it due to his theology that he should get up some little quarrel with this pleasure, and peradventure erith out from his great chair, "Reasonable enough! nay, almost too reasonable! But where are the Apostles? Where are the Disciples? Where are the Saints? Where is hell fire? Well, well," soothing himself, and falling back again for another delicious dream, "patience! we may come to it yet. Go on, Will!" and on Will goes accordingly. Here is the history of priesthood, and the antidote against it, which has, in all ages, had, in pure hearts, its chosen depositaries. In this he leaves Dr Glaston, and pretends to quote some book he had been reading:—

"Those cunning men who formed to themselves the gorgeous plan of universal dominion, were aware that they had a better chance of establishing it than brute ignorance or brute force could supply, and that soldiers and their paymasters were subject to other and powerfuller fears than the transitory ones of war and invasion. What they found in heaven they seized; what they wanted they forged. And so long as there is vice and ignorance in the world, so long as fear is a passion, their dominion will prevail; but their dominion is not, and never shall be, universal. Can we wonder that it is so general. Can we wonder that anything is wanting to give it authority and effect, when every learned, every prudent, every powerful, every ambitious man in Europe, for above a thousand years, united in the league to consolidate it? The old dealers in the shambles, where Christ's body is exposed for sale in convenient marketable slices, have not covered with blood and filth the whole pavement. Beautiful usages are remaining still—kinder affections, radiant hopes, and ardent aspirations."

But here, the Doctor speaks again in an admirable piece of just and acute criticism. It satisfies an old grudge of ours against the Romans:—

"William, I need not expatiate on Greek with thee, since thou knowest it not, but some crumbs of

Latin are picked up by the callowest beaks. The Romans had, as thou findest, and have still, more taste for murder than morality, and, as they could not find heroes among them, looked for gladiators. Their only very high poet employed his elevation and strength to dethrone and debase the Deity. They had several others who polished their language and pitched their instruments with admirable skill: several who glared over their thin and flimsy gaberdines many bright feathers from the wide spread downs of Ionia, and the richly cultivated rocks of Attica."

What follows is a truly splendid passage. How noble in its exhortation to effort!

"Young gentlemen! Let not the highest of you, who bear me this evening, be led into the delusion, for such it is, that the founder of his family was originally a greater or a better man than the lowest here. He willed it, and became it. He must have stood low; he must have worked hard; and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning. He waived and whistled off ten thousand strong and importunate temptations; he dashed the dice-box from the jewelled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each; he ascended steadily the precipices of Danger, and looked down with intrepidity from the summit; he overawed Arrogance with Sedateness; he seized by the horn and overleaped low Violence; and he fairly swung Fortune round. The very high cannot rise much higher; the very low may; the truly great must have done it. This is not the doctrine, my friends, of the silkenly and lawfully religious; it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforward under it."

Who will not acknowledge the truth of what Shakspeare subsequently puts into the mouth of Doctor Faustus, quoting, as it were, from the book that made the devil think it worth his while to deal with him?

"Faustus was not your man for fancies and figments; and he tells us that, to his certain knowledge, it was verily an owl's face that whispered so much mischief in the ear of our first parent. One plainly sees it, quoth Doctor Faustus, under that gravity which in human life we call dignity, but of which we read nothing in the Gospel. We despise the hangman, we detest the hanged; and yet, saith Duns Scotus, could we turn aside the heavy curtain, or stand high enough a-tiptoe to peep through its chinks and crevices, we should, perhaps, find these two characters to stand justly among the most innocent in the drama. He who blinketh the eyes of the poor wretch about to die, doeth it out of mercy; those who preceded him—bidding him, in the garb of justice, to shed the blood of his fellow-man—had less, or none."

The more incidental sketches of feeling and character in the book are of a subtle and exquisite kind. Ethelbert, a young poet, struck by the hand of consumption, is exceedingly touching. He speaks to his more impatient friends:—

"Be patient! From the higher heavens of poetry, it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man finds out another, placing his observatory and instruments on the poet's grave. The worms must have eaten us before it is rightly known what we are. It is only when we are skeletons that we are boxed and ticketed, and prised and shewn. Be it so! I shall not be tired of waiting."

But the highest point of pathos in the book is reached in the description we are about to quote. We never read anything finer. Young Wellerby, a ripe and promising scholar at the University, broken in spirit by an unfortunate passion, flies to the relief of poetry, and abandons his severer toil. He has a mother. The master of his college has remonstrated with her concerning her son. Doctor Glaston and she now speak, the Doctor being supposed to repeat what passed:—

"I rated him, told him I was poor, and he knew it. He was stung, and threw himself upon my neck and wept. Twelve days have passed since, and only three rainy ones. I hear he has been seen upon the knoll yonder, but hither he hath not come. I trust he knows, at last, the value of time, and I shall be heartily glad to see him after this accession of knowledge. Twelve days, it is true, are rather a chink than a gap in time; yet, O, gentle sir! they are that chink which makes the vase quite valueless. There are light words which may never be shaken off the mind they fall on. My child, who was hurt by me, will not let me see the marks." "Lady," said I, "none are left upon him. Be comforted! Thou shalt see him this hour. All that thy God hath not taken, is yet thine." She looked at me earnestly, and would have then asked something, but her voice failed her. There was no agony, no motion, save in the lips and cheeks. Being the widow of one who fought under Hawkins, she remembered his courage, and sustained the shock, and said calmly, 'God's will be done! I pray that he find me as worthy as he findeth me willing to join them.' Now, in her unearthly thoughts, she had led her only son to the bosom of her husband; and in her spirit (which is often permitted to pass the gates of

death with holy love) she left them both with their Creator. The curate of the village sent those who should bring home the body; and some days afterwards he came unto me, beseeching me to write the epitaph. Being no friend to stone-cutters' charges, I entered not into biography, but wrote these few words. 'Joannes Wellerby, Literarum quasivit gloriam, Videt Dei.'"

In the conference of Master Edmund Spenser with the Earl of Essex, we have evidences of the same fine genius. Spenser laments his domestic calamities,—"none in any season, none in any place, like mine." Essex beautifully answers:—

"So say all fathers; so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway, or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply are toying at it; nevertheless, thou mayest say that, of a certainty, the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wallings; and each time was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amidst the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish. Edmund! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all; and, when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us."

Here we must suddenly close. We have, perhaps, outrun our limits in a desire to do justice to this remarkable book. It is an honour to its author; it does honour to English literature; it is an addition to the rare list of books that will live. The man who could write it knows this, and smiles, of course at the reception it has hitherto met with. We have not been fortunate enough to see it praised anywhere!

It is clear, from the internal evidence, that the book is by Mr Walter Savage Landor.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XLIX.—HISTORY OF FELIX PERETTI.

FELIX PERETTI, the son of a peasant at Montalto, a village in the Papal territory of Ancona, discovered at an early age quick parts and a retentive memory: but the poverty of his parents obliged them to part with him when only nine years old; and he was placed in the service of a neighbouring farmer.

In this situation, Felix did not satisfy his employer. He was perpetually finding fault with the lad for his unhandiness in husbandry work, and observing that corrections served only to augment his apparent stupidity, he dismissed him from the house, the barn, and the stable, to what was considered as a more servile and degrading species of occupation;—the taking care of a number of hogs on an adjoining common.

In this solitary place, deserted and forlorn, his back still smarting with repeated stripes, his eyes overflowing with tears, he was surprised by a stranger at his elbow, inquiring which was the nearest way to Ascoli.

This person was a Franciscan, who, travelling to that place, had lost his way; in fact, the poor boy was so absorbed in grief, that he did not observe any one approaching till he heard the voice of the friar, who had spoken to him several times before he could procure an answer.

Affected by his melancholy appearance, he naturally asked the cause, and received an account of his hopeless condition related in a strain of good sense and vivacity (for, on speaking to him, he resumed his natural cheerfulness), which surprised the holy father, when he considered his age and wretched appearance.

"But I must not forget that you are going to Ascoli," said Felix, starting nimbly from the bank on which he was sitting, then, pointing out the proper road, he accompanied the friar, who was charmed at finding so much untaught politeness in a little rustic.

Considering himself as sufficiently informed, he thanked the boy, and would have dismissed him with a small present, but he still continued running and skipping before him, till Father Michael asked, in a jocular way, if he meant to go with him quite to the town.

"Not only to Ascoli, but to the end of the world," said Felix, unwilling to quit his companion. "Ah, sir!" continued the lad, after a short pause, in a tone of voice, and with one of those looks which make their way at once to our hearts; "Ah, sir! if you or any other worthy gentleman would but get me the place of an errand boy, or any other employment in a convent, however laborious, where I could procure a little learning, and get away from those filthy hogs and the owner of them, who is little better, I would try to make myself useful, and should be bound to pray for and bless you as long as I live."

"But you would not take the habit of a religious order?" said the Franciscan. "Most willingly," replied Felix.

"You are little aware of the hardships, the fastings,

the toil, the watchings, and the labour which you would undergo."

"I would endure the pains of purgatory to become a scholar," was the boy's singular reply.

Finding him in earnest, and surprised at his courage and resolution, he permitted the stripling to accompany him to Ascoli, where he introduced him to the society of Cordeliers he was going to visit, informing them at the same time of the circumstance which first introduced him to this new acquaintance.

The superior sent for the boy, put many questions to him, and was so well pleased, that he immediately admitted him. He was immediately invested with the habit of a lay-brother, and appointed to assist the Sacristan in sweeping the church and lighting the candles. In return for these and other services he was taught the responses and instructed in grammar.

In acquiring knowledge, the little stranger was found to unite a readiness of comprehension with unceasing application; his progress was so rapid that, in 1534, being then only fourteen years old, he entered on his novitiate, and, after the usual time, was admitted to make his profession.

On taking deacon's orders, he preached his first sermon to a numerous congregation, it being the Feast of the Annunciation, when he soon convinced his hearers that the man who was instructing them possessed no common share of abilities.

The service being concluded, a prelate then present thanked Felix publicly for his discourse, encouraged him to persist diligently in his studies, and congratulated him, as well as the society of which he was a member, on the fairness of his prospects.

He was ordained a priest in 1545, took the degrees of bachelor and doctor with considerable credit, and, being chosen to keep a divinity act before the whole chapter of his order, father Montalto (that being the name he now assumed) so distinguished himself, that he secured the esteem, and afterwards enjoyed the patronage and protection of two cardinals, Carpi and Alexandrino.

The time, indeed, was now come when a friend was necessary to defend him against the numerous enemies his acrimonious violence had created; for, as Montalto advanced to notice and celebrity, impetuosity of temper and impatience of contradiction became prominent features in his character; his air and manners were predominating and dictatorial.

At this period of his life he is described (by a contemporary, who, I suspect, had felt his reproof) as one of those troublesome people, who, presuming on what I have called the aristocracy of intellect and the insolence of good design, fancy they can set the world to rights, and consider themselves as authorised to censure without respect of persons, and to amend, without regard to consequences, whatever they see amiss in church or state.

It cannot be denied that, at the time of which I speak, the reins of government, ecclesiastical as well as civil, were held with a careless and slackened hand; that public and private morals were notoriously corrupt and profligate through the whole extent of the Papal dominions; that Rome was a nest and a place of refuge for everything base and villanous in Italy; that the roads and even the streets of the great city could not be passed after night, without incurring the danger of robbery and murder.

But men in public stations, however culpable their dereliction of duty, when they recollected that the present reformer of abuse, less than twenty years before, was a poor peasant, an object of charity and commiseration, could not prevail on themselves to submit to his censures without resistance and indignation. But the hour was rapidly approaching when Montalto possessed the power, as well as inclination, not only to reprove, but to punish evil doers.

By the interest of Cardinal Alexandrino, who saw and understood the unbending sternness of his disposition, he was appointed to an office which seemed congenial with such a temper.—Inquisitor General at Venice.

But the unqualified harshness of his manners, and the peremptory violence with which he executed his duty, soon raised a storm in that jealous republic, and he would have suffered personal violence from the enraged Venetians, had he not saved himself by a precipitate flight.

A few months after, he visited a country sensible of the value of such a character, and where such zeal was duly appreciated: Cardinal Buon Compagno, being appointed *Legatus a latere*, in plain English, Ambassador from the Pope to his Catholic Majesty, Montalto accompanied him into Spain, as his chaplain and inquisitorial consultant.

In this capacity he was received at Madrid with great cordiality, and gave such proofs of the warmth of his zeal, that, on the Cardinal's real, ecclesiastical honours and preferment were repeatedly offered, if he would establish himself in that country; but the palace of the Vatican, the city on seven hills, Imperial Rome, was the object on which the shepherd of Ancona had fixed an unaverted eye.

The Legate Buon Compagno had quitted Spain only a few hours, when he met a messenger de-

spatched from Rome with news of the Pope's death; this was John de Medicis, who governed the church almost seven years under the title of Pius IV.

Montalto was strongly interested in this intelligence, as he had every reason to expect that his patron, Cardinal Alexandrino, would be elected Pontiff.

In this hope he was not disappointed, and on his arrival at Rome, his friend, now exalted to an ecclesiastical throne, under the name of Pius V, received him with kindness, and immediately appointed him general of his order, a post in which Montalto did not forget to punish those whom he had before admonished.

In less than four years from the elevation of Cardinal Alexandrino he was made a bishop, received a competent pension, and was ultimately (1570) admitted into the College of Cardinals.

Being now arrived within a short distance of the mountain top, which, for more than forty years he had been arduously and laboriously attempting to climb, he found a firm and safe resting place on which to rest his foot.

It cannot be denied that his reflections on this occasion must have been in the highest degree solacing and triumphant; from poverty, contempt, and oppression, from a life of labour unrequited, and with an ardent thirst for knowledge, which, at a certain time, it seemed impossible for him ever to gratify, he was suddenly placed at the fountain head of learning and information; the treasures of ancient and modern literature were displayed before his eyes, he was raised to personal, and, what was still more flattering, to an intellectual eminence, which was generally acknowledged and felt; he was exalted to a post, which, in those days placed him on an equality with kings.

But with so many rational sources of exultation, with so much to hope, there was still much to fear; his new associates, generally speaking, were men of talents; well educated, and with the proud blood of the Medici, the Caraffa, the Farnese, the Colonna, and the Frangipani families, swelling their veins; many of them not only of illustrious descent, but endowed with a considerable share of deep political sagacity as statesmen; and all alike wishing for, yet anxiously concealing their wishes, to succeed to the chair of St Peter.

With competitors of this description it must be confessed that Montalto had a difficult and trying part to act. Being convinced that a severe assuming character was not likely to succeed, he gradually suppressed every angry passion, and artfully disguised the foibles and imperfections of his temper under a convenient mask of mildness, affability, and unconcern.

One of his nephews, on a journey to Rome, to see his uncle, being murdered, the Cardinal, now a new man, instead of aiding in the prosecution of the offender, interceded for his pardon; he did not encourage visits from his relations, several of whom hearing of his advancement, repaired to Rome, but lodged them at an inn, and dismissed them the day after their arrival, with an inconsiderable present, strictly charging them to return to their families, and trouble him no more, for that he now found his spiritual cares increasing every day, that he was dead to his relations and the world; but as old age and infirmities came on, he perhaps might send for one of them to wait upon and nurse him.

On the death of his friend, Pius the Fifth, he entered the conclave with the rest of the cardinals, but did not appear to interest himself in the election; and on being applied to by any of the candidates or their friends, replied, "that the sentiments of so obscure and insignificant a man as he was, could be of no importance; that having never before been in a conclave, he was fearful of making a false step, and left the affair to his brethren, who were persons of great weight and experience, and all of them such worthy characters, that he was quite at a loss which to vote for, and wished only he had as many voices as there were members of the sacred college."

Cardinal Buon Compagno being elected, and having assumed the name of Gregory the Thirteenth, the subject of our present article did not forget to pay court to him, but soon found he was no favourite, having offended his holiness when Legate in Spain, by refusing to remain at Madrid as he desired.

Montalto now became a pattern of meekness, modesty and humility; he lived frugally in a small house, without ostentation; this best species of prudence and economy, which enabled him to feed the hungry and clothe the naked by retrenching his own superfluities procured him the character of a friend to the poor; he also submitted patiently to every species of injury or indignity, and was remarked for treating his worst enemies with tenderness, condescension, and forgiveness.

In the meantime he had so far deceived the majority of the cardinals, that they considered him as a poor, weak, doating old fellow, incapable of doing either good or harm, and, by way of ridicule, they called him the Ass of La Marca,—the district round Ancona, to a certain extent, being called the March of Ancona. An evident alteration took place in the appearance of his health; he felt, or affected to feel,

violent internal pains, which, not being always accompanied with external appearances, afford no positive proof of the existence of disease to the senses, and we are generally obliged to take the word of those who say they feel them.

He applied for advice to medical men in various quarters of the city, describing what he felt, which (having secretly gathered the information from books) they described as alarming symptoms produced by causes which, in all probability would shorten his days; public prayers were offered up for his recovery, and the intercession of all devout Christians and good men earnestly requested.

At intervals he would appear in a state of convalescence, but considerably changed; of a pale countenance, thin, bent in body, and leaning painfully on his staff; by a few persons, who suspected the duplicity of his conduct, these untoward appearances were said to be produced by the frequent use of nauseating medicines, nocturnal watchings, and rigid abstinence.

But with all his apparent sufferings, and affected indifference to public men and public measures, his eyes and ears were open and intent on every transaction, public as well as private; by means of apt emissaries, many of whom were domestics, with Cardinals and Ambassadors, he made himself acquainted with every event either directly or remotely connected with his ambitious views.

Considering articular confession as a convenient instrument to forward political intrigue, and his reputation as a learned divine being firmly established, he attended, whenever his health would permit, to hear confessions, and was resorted to by crowds of all ranks.

In this post he procured great help towards his aggrandisement, and is said to have extracted secrets on which he afterwards grounded many judicial punishments.

At this propitious moment (1585), and at a time when the College of Cardinals was torn by opposite interests and divided by contending factions,—at this auspicious moment died Gregory the Thirteenth.

Montalto accompanied the Cardinals into the conclave, and, immediately shutting himself in his chamber, was scarcely spoken to, or thought of; if at any time it was necessary as a matter of form, or for the purpose of calculating numbers, to consult him, his door was found fast, and a message was sent that he would wait on their eminences the moment his coughing and violent pain were abated; but earnestly entreated them to proceed to business, as the presence of so insignificant a person as himself could not be necessary, and he hoped they would not disturb a man sinking under disease, whose thoughts were placed on another world.

At the end of fourteen days, three powerful parties, each of whom had considered themselves as certain of choosing their own Pope, found their views defeated in consequence of the votes being equally divided.

Impatient of delay, and hoping that a vacancy would soon take place, if they elected the old Ass of La Marca, whom every man thought he could manage as he pleased, they unanimously concurred in electing him.

The moment he was chosen, Montalto threw away the staff on which he had hitherto supported himself, then suddenly raised his head, and expanding his chest, he surprised everyone present by appearing at least a foot taller.

Coming forward with a firm step, an erect and dignified air, he thanked them for the high honour they had conferred upon him, the duties of which, with God's good grace, he would to the utmost of his power conscientiously perform.

As he passed from the conclave, the people exclaimed "Long live the Pope—Plenty, Holy Father, Plenty—Justice and large Loaves." "Pray to God for Plenty; and I will give you Justice," was his answer.

Impatient to exercise the rights of sovereignty, he ordered his triple crown to be immediately produced, and placed it on a velvet cushion in the room where he sat; he was also desirous of being immediately crowned and enthroned; but being informed that his authority and prerogatives were in every respect as firmly established and as extensive before as after the ceremony of coronation, he reluctantly consented to a short delay, for the necessary preparations.

The humility and complaisance he had for so many years assumed, immediately vanished; those predominating passions, which had been suppressed by interested views and political dissimulation, regained their ascendancy, and burst forth with augmented fury. So great an alteration in his conduct and manners, as well as health, was a bitter disappointment to those Cardinals who, to serve their own purposes, had assisted in the elevation of Montalto, who now assumed the name of Pope Sixtus the Fifth.

It was not merely his refusing them the least share or appearance of authority; it was not only the loss of patronage and influence they had to lament; but the mortification of being over-reached and defeated by the old man who for more than fourteen years had been the object of their ridicule and contempt;

he had met them on their own ground, and conquered them with their own weapons.

If at any time they hesitated in concurring with the vigorous and salutary measures of his government, and ventured to expostulate and represent the inconsistency of his former conduct and professions, he instantly silenced them, and observed: "That feeling himself much improved in health and spirits, he was able, by God's assistance, and would endeavour to govern the Church without their help or advice; that he was their sovereign, and would be obeyed."

The day before his coronation, the governor of Rome and the keeper of the castle of St Angelo waited on Sixtus to inform him that it had been the custom for every new Pope to grant an universal jail delivery, and a free pardon to all offenders; they wished to know his pleasure.

He eagerly asked for a list of the malefactors in custody; they gave him a paper filled with names, as, on these occasions, expecting what would take place, the prisons were crowded with a number of miscreants, who, in consequence of murder, robbery, and other crimes, had the sword of the law hanging over their heads.

By surrendering themselves, they all hoped and expected, according to long-established custom, to procure indemnity for past offences, and security, on being released, for persevering in their criminal courses.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed his Holiness "what a nest of villains have we here! but are you not aware, Mr Governor, and you, Mr Jailer, of the glaring impropriety of your conduct in pretending to talk of pardon and acts of grace; leave such matters to your sovereign. Depending on your never repeating this impertinent interference with my powers and prerogatives, I, for once, will pardon it; but instantly go back to your charge and see that good care be taken of those you have in prison, for, as I hold my trust from God, if one of your prisoners escape, I will hang you on the highest gibbet I can procure."

"It was not to protect delinquents, and encourage sinners that Divine Providence placed me in the chair of St Peter; to pardon men notoriously and flagrantly wicked, who glory in their crimes and only wait for liberty that they may again practice their enormities, would be to share their guilt."

"I see you have four criminals under sentence of death for abominable crimes, and in whose favour I have applications and petitions from all quarters; their friends, I have no doubt, think they are doing right, but I must not forget my duty."

"It is therefore my pleasure," continued Sixtus in an elevated tone, and with a severe look, "it is my will and pleasure that to-morrow, at the hour of my coronation, two of them suffer by the axe, and two of them by the halter, in different quarters of the city; we shall then do an act of justice pleasing to the Almighty, and take off many of those idle and disorderly people who, at public ceremonies, generally occasion so much riot and confusion."

His orders on this occasion were literally obeyed.

The day after the ceremony, many of the nobility and gentry waited on the Pope, to congratulate him, but he said, "*his was a post of toil and duty—that he had not time for compliments,*" and with these words he was on the point of retiring, but a master of the ceremonies informed him that a crowd of cardinals, nobles, ambassadors, senators, and wealthy citizens demanded an audience.

The greater part of them having relations, friends, or dependents, who, in consequence of their crimes, had fled from justice and joined banditti, but had lately surrendered themselves on the prospect and probability of a general and universal liberation; their expectations in this respect were disappointed as the Pope had positively declared that not a single offender should be pardoned.

The deputation represented to Sixtus in strong language the indecency of so sanguinary a proceeding, at a season which had been generally devoted to mirth and rejoicing, and were proceeding to further arguments in the hope of prevailing on him to retract his resolution.

But the person they addressed could restrain himself no longer; commanding silence on pain of his displeasure, he thus addressed them with angry looks and in a loud voice:

"I am surprised at the insolence of your representations, and your apparent ignorance of the obedience which ought, in all cases, to be paid to the orders of a sovereign prince. When the government of our holy Church was committed to Saint Peter by Christ, it surely was not his design that the successors of the holy apostle should be tutored and directed by their subjects."

"But if you do not, or will not do your duty, I am resolved to practise mine; I hope and trust that I shall not, like my predecessors, suffer law and justice to sleep; by which means the ecclesiastical states have been rendered, and are notoriously become, the most debauched, and, in every respect, the wickedest spot on the surface of the globe—a by-word to the scorner and the heretic—a reproach to the faith we profess."

"Retire (raising his arm and voice as he repeated the word, seeing the cardinals did not appear to move),—retire, and instead of wishing to obstruct law and justice, endeavour to co-operate with me in cleansing this filthy Augean stable; for, as to the criminals in question, no motive of any kind shall ever induce me to pardon one of them; each offender shall undergo, without fear, favour, partiality, or resentment, the punishment attached by law to the crime he has committed, and I shall make strict inquiry after all those who have patronised and encouraged them, whom I cannot but consider as participators in their guilt, and will also punish. The different prisoners suffered the sentence of the law. They departed in silent dismay; and a few months after, as his Holiness was repairing to St Peter's on the day of a public festival, a crowd, as was customary, assembled to see him pass; the people on this occasion were so numerous, and pressed so closely, that the Swiss guards, who always attend the Pope, were under the necessity of making way with their halberds."

Among the multitude, there happened unfortunately to be the son of a Spanish Grandee, who having arrived only that morning at Rome, had not time nor opportunity to secure an unmolested spot for viewing the procession.

This gentleman, standing foremost, was pushed back somewhat rudely. The enraged Spaniard, following the poor Swiss into the church, murdered him as he fell on his knees at the foot of the altar, and endeavoured to fly for refuge to the house of the Spanish Ambassador; he was pursued by two comrades of the deceased, and taken into custody.

Intelligence of this barbarous and sacrilegious act quickly reached the ears of Sixtus. After the service of the day was concluded, the Governor of Rome also waited on his Holiness, as he was going to his coach, to know his pleasure, and wait for instructions how to proceed.

"Well, sir," said Sixtus, "and what do you think ought to be done in a case of flagrant murder, thus committed before my face, and in the house of God?"

"I have given orders," said the officer, "for informations being taken, and a process being commenced."

"A process!" replied the Pope; "what occasion can there be for processes in a crime like this, committed before hundreds of witnesses?"

"I thought your Holiness would choose to observe due form of law," answered the Governor; "particularly in this instance, as the criminal is the only son of a person of consideration, in high favour with his Catholic Majesty, and under the protection of his Ambassador."

"Say not a word to me of consideration and protection. Crime levels every distinction; his rank and education should have taught him better. It is our pleasure that he shall be hanged before we sit down to dinner."

The trial of the prisoner being soon gone through, and a gallows erected in the interval, on a spot where the Pope could see it from the saloon in which he was sitting, he did not quit the apartment till he saw the Spaniard brought forth and suspended; he then retired from the window and went to dinner, repeating with a loud voice a favourite passage from the Psalms:—"I shall soon destroy all the ungodly in the land, and root out evil-doers from the city of the Lord!"

Such was the conduct of the little peasant of Ancona when elevated to supreme power. He became a rigid but impartial censor of public defaulters and private transgressors. He ordered the public functionaries throughout his dominions to send him, each of them, a list of every person in their neighbourhood who was notorious for debauchery, drunkenness, or other vicious habits; first, inquiring into the truth of their information, he sent for and privately reprimanded them; but if this warning was not attended to, he severely punished the offender. Having deeply impressed a conviction of his inexorable regard to justice, persons exercising authority under him performed the duties with scrupulous exactness.

The various remarkable instances in which this extraordinary man exerted his powers in suppressing vicious enormity, would, if introduced in this place, extend our present article to a length inconsistent with the nature of this publication.

With respect to women, a violation of their chastity, by force or by fraud, with or against their consent, he never pardoned; and even a slight deviation from public decorum did not go unpunished; a subsequent marriage, on either of these occasions, he did not consider as a satisfaction to justice.

This delicacy so scrupulously severe, he carried to an excess in many instances, inconsistent with human infirmity, or the wishes and often the happiness of the injured women, who in several instances had their husbands torn from their embraces and committed to the galleys for follies and indiscretions committed before marriage, in the furious licentiousness of stimulating passion.

He determined to put a stop to a depraved custom then generally prevalent in his dominions among the elevated and wealthy classes of society, that of marrying a mistress to a dependent, for the purpose of pro-

curing an ostensible parent for their illegitimate offspring, and carrying on securely an adulterous intercourse.

The first example of this kind was that of a person from whom his Holiness had experienced many acts of kindness, before he was created a Cardinal. After a momentary struggle he sent for his former friend privately, and warmly censuring him for his conduct, he warned him of the consequence of persevering in the unlawful connexion; and assured him that his duty as a magistrate was paramount to his feelings as a friend, and advised him either to remove the female or to quit his dominions. A few months after, Sixtus ordered secret spies to watch the parties, and finding that the person he had reproved still continued the criminal attachment, probably presuming on the indulgence of former friendship, he ordered the offender, the husband and wife, to be hanged without delay; three domestics, acquainted with the illicit proceeding, he ordered to be publicly whipped, for not giving information.

It had been usual for the people to exclaim "Long live the Pope" whenever he passed, but finding that this mode of acclamation prevented his dropping in unexpectedly at the courts of justice and public offices, he forbade the custom; on two unlucky rogues who, from obstinacy or inadvertency, disobeyed this injunction, he ordered the strapado to be inflicted immediately on the spot; this effectually prevented a repetition.

Assassinations and duels had disgraced the reigns of all his predecessors, and rendered Rome and Italy unsafe.

To arrest, and, if possible, remove an evil productive of public danger and private distress, he published an edict, forbidding, on pain of death, any persons, whatever their rank, drawing a sword or even having in their possession any instrument of death as they passed the streets, except his own magistrates and officers. Bystanders who did not prevent, and seconds who encouraged duelling, he instantly sent to the galleys. A few instances of rigid severity effectually removed the grievance.

Anything like revenge or bearing malice he would not endure. A barber quarrelling with one of his neighbours, held up his hand in a threatening manner, and, with a significant motion of his head, had been heard to say, "If ever he comes under my hands I will do his business." This being repeated to the Pontiff, he ordered the speaker of the obnoxious words to be taken into custody, then directing all the barbers in Rome to be collected in one of the squares, the offender underwent a long and severe whipping before them.

His Holiness observing that tradesmen suffered seriously and often became bankrupts, in consequence of long credit and bad pay, to the great injury of commerce, and frequently of the public revenue, he quickly produced an important reformation on a point which loudly calls for amendment in Great Britain and Ireland.

A hint to his officers that he wished to collect information on the subject was sufficient. A tradesman, in all probability previously instructed, made complaint, that having applied to a person of distinction for payment of a debt which had been long due, and of which he stood in urgent need, the debtor had violently resented it, withdrawn his own custom from the poor man's shop, and persuaded many others to do the like, telling the person he injured, in an insolent manner, "*That gentlemen paid their debts only when they pleased.*"

Sixtus sent for both parties, ordered the money to be instantly paid, with interest from the time of its being due, and committed the fraudulent debtor to prison.

At the same time a proclamation was issued, directing all the merchants and tradesmen to send his Holiness a list of their book debts, with the names of those from whom the money was due; he directly paid the whole, taking the debts on himself, which, in consequence of the general alarm, were quickly discharged.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the subject of our present article exercised a rigid and inexorable despotism; but exerting it in most instances with impartial justice, and for salutary purposes, his power was submitted to with less reluctance: he is called, by a writer of that period, *a terror and a scourge*; but it was to evil doers, to the profligate, the incorrigible, and the corrupt. Most rational men, I believe, would prefer living under an absolute monarch of such a cast, than under the easy sway of a lax moralist, a generous libertine, or one of those *devilish good kind of fellows who are commonly described as no man's enemy but their own*; a character which cannot exist,—as it is impossible he can be a friend to others who is in a state of constant hostility with himself. At all events the great interests of society's public happiness and private peace are most effectually preserved by a prince like Montalto.

In his transactions with foreign princes, Sixtus uniformly preserved a dignified firmness, from which he never relaxed. Very early in his reign, he was involved in a dispute with Philip the 11th, King of Spain, who, though the most superstitious of bigots

to the Catholic faith, was a constant object of the Pope's hostility, while the heretic Elizabeth, Queen of England, was a character he warmly admired, and never mentioned without enthusiastic admiration.

Speaking of her, on a certain occasion, to an English Catholic who visited Rome, he observed, "a Queen like yours deserves to reign; she governs her kingdom with energy and wisdom; respected abroad, and loved or feared at home, her subjects enjoy the benefits of a vigorous and successful administration. If such a woman were to become my wife, we might people the world with a race of Scipios, Cæsars, and Alexanders."

Yet, in his public capacity, as head of the Catholic church, he found it necessary to publish a bull of excommunication against Elizabeth, when Philip meditated an invasion of England with his *invincible Spanish Armada*.

At the same time, he privately informed her of the proceedings and intrigues of Philip against her, earnestly recommending her Majesty to prepare for a vigorous defence.

The subsequent defeat and disappointment of the Spanish King in this attempt, commenced with so much threatening arrogance, and carried on at so enormous an expence, is known to most readers, and was highly gratifying to Sixtus.

The imprisonment and execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, an event which produced a strong and universal sensation through Europe, has, in modern times, excited a long and animated controversy. Various have been the opinions on the justice of Elizabeth's proceedings.

As weak states, in contests of a more important kind, find it necessary sometimes to call in the aid of powerful allies, I may be permitted to observe, that the Pontiff Sixtus was often heard to say, "Had I been King of England, I would have acted precisely in the same manner."

When he was first informed that the unfortunate Mary was beheaded, he rose suddenly from his seat, and traversed the apartment in much apparent agitation, but not the agitation of regret, for, throwing himself into a chair, he exclaimed, "O happy Queen of England! how much art thou to be envied, who hast been found worthy of seeing a crowned head prostrate at thy feet!"

These words were evidently spoken with reference to Philip King of Spain, whose name was never mentioned in his presence without producing angry looks.

Sixtus could never submit with patience to a ceremony annually performed by the Spanish Ambassador; this was the presenting a *Genet* to his Holiness by way of acknowledgment that his master held the kingdom of Naples of the Pope.

On one of these occasions, rising hastily from his throne, he said in a loud voice, to Count Olivarez, "Our predecessors must certainly have been in a very complaisant mood, when they agreed to accept from your master's ancestors a *poor pitiful hack*, in return for a rich and flourishing kingdom. I hope soon to put an end to this mummery, and to visit the kingdom of Naples as its lawful sovereign."

But circumstance and situation were not favourable to his executing this purpose, which was the fond wish of his heart.

Such was Sixtus the Fifth, who directed the officers of his palace to give audience on every occasion to the poorest man in his dominions; who listened with condescension to the unfortunate, the widow, and the orphan; but punished with execrable severity criminal delinquency, respecting neither person, rank, nor wealth; who was moderate in his enjoyments, of pure morals, and correct in private life. The revenues of the state, almost annihilated by the rapacious anticipation of his predecessors, he restored to more than double their former nominal amount. In the public treasury, which was exhausted at the time of his election, his successor found five millions in gold; his personal expenses were trifling, but his private charities amounted every year to a considerable sum; on these occasions he sought for and generally found patient, meek, and unassuming merit struggling with adversity; the perverse and importunate mendicant who begged by day and thieved at night, he ordered out of the city with reproof and frequently with stripes; so salutary were his edicts, and so undeviating and rigid the impartiality with which he enforced them, that his judges and police officers confessed that their places were become sinecures. Such was Sixtus the Fifth who, if the qualities we describe are the first and most indispensable duties of a monarch, deserves to be classed with the first and most glorious of kings, and to be numbered with the greatest benefactors of mankind.

He was deficient it must be confessed in the mild acts of gentle persuasion; he was a stranger to the *suaviter in modo*; but to such a pitch was the wickedness and enormity of his subjects carried, that a governor of a mild character would have been disobeyed and despised. But he possessed a qualification more essential and exactly calculated for the times in which he lived, the *fortiter in re*; an eagle-eyed acuteness to search after and to see criminality and fraud, however concealed or disguised, together with unabating energy and an unconquerable resolution to resist and punish them.

THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 17th to Tuesday the 23d December.

MUMMING, AN OLD CHRISTMAS SPOKE.

As Christmas is coming, and we intend on many accounts not to let it pass without notice, we thought we might as well anticipate its arrival by some previous instructions, and, among others, by an extract or two from good old holiday books. We do not recollect whether Mr Hone, in one of his many zealous and entertaining volumes, has given the following passages from 'Brand's Popular Antiquities.' Most probably he has; but if the notice of such subjects avoid all which he has taken, we hardly know what would be left them; and repetition, like that of the sports themselves, is excusable in due season.

The latest notice of Mummung that we are aware of, is in the memoirs of the most jolly and holiday-making Pepys, who, in the Diary which he kept with so extraordinary a mixture of preciseness and anti-preciseness, recordeth that, at some Christmas meeting (we forget the place), he and some friends of his, male and female, played all sorts of pranks, after the fashion recorded in our extract, and, among other things, "did black their faces like devils."

Mummung (says Mr Brand) is a sport of this festive season, which consists in changing clothes between men and women, who, when dressed in each other's habits, go from one neighbour's house to another, partaking of Christmas cheer, and making merry with them in disguise.

Mummer signifies a masker, one disguised under a vizard; from the Danish Mumme, or Dutch Momme. Lipsius tells us in his 44th Epistle, Book III, that mornar, which is used by the Sicilians for a fool, signifies, in French, and in our language, a person with a mask on. See Junij Etymolog. *in verbo*.

It is supposed to have been originally instituted in imitation of the Sigillaria, or Festival Days added to the ancient Saturnalia, and was condemned by the Synod of Trullus, where it was agreed that the days called the Calends should be intirely stripped of their ceremonies, and that the faithful should no longer observe them; that the public dancings of women should cease, as being the occasion of much harm and ruin, and as being invented and observed in honour of the gods of the heathens, and therefore quite averse to the Christian life. They therefore decreed that no man should be clothed with a woman's garment, nor any woman with a man's.

The author of the 'Convivial Antiquities,' speaking of Mummung in Germany, says, that in the ancient Saturnalia, there were frequent and luxurious feastings among friends: presents were mutually sent, and changes of dress made; that Christians have adopted the same customs, which continue to be used from the Nativity to the Epiphany: that feastings are frequent during the whole time, and we send what are called New Year's Gifts; that exchanges of dress, too, as of old among the Romans, are common; and neighbours, by mutual invitations, visit each other in the manner which the Germans call Mummery. He adds that, as the Heathens had their Saturnalia in December, their Sigillaria in January, and the Lupercalia and Bacchanalia in February,—so, amongst Christians, these three months are devoted to feastings and revellings of every kind.

Stowe has preserved an account of a remarkable Mummery, A.D. 1377, made by the citizens of London, for disport to the young Prince Richard, son to the Black Prince.

"On the Sunday before Candlemas, in the night, one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised, and well horsed, in a Mummerie, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalmes, and other minstrels, and innumerable torch-lights of wax, rode to Kennington, beside Lambeth, where the young Prince remayned with his mother. In the first ranke did ride forty-eight, in the likeness and habit of esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats and gowns of sey, or sandall, with comely visors on their faces. After them came forty-eight knights in the same livery. Then followed one richlie arrayed, like an emperor; and after him some distance, one stately tyred, like a pope, whom followed twenty-four cardinals; and, after them, eight or ten with black visors, not amiable, as if they had been legates from some forrain princes.

"These maskers, after they had entered the manor of Kennington, alighted from their horses, and entered the hall on foot; which done, the Prince, his mother, and the Lords, came out of the chamber into the hall, whom the Mummungers did salute, shewing, by a paire of dice upon the table, their desire to play with the young Prince, which they so handled, that the Prince did alwaies winne when he caste them.

"Then the Mummungers set to the Prince three jewels, one after another, which were a boule of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince wonne

at three castes. Then they set to the Prince's mother, the Duke, the Earls, and the other Lords, to every one a ring of gold, which they did also winne. After which they were feasted, and the music sounded, the Prince and Lords dancued with the Mummungers on the one part, which did also dance; which jollitie being ended, they were againe made to drinke, and then departed in order as they came."

"The like," he says, "was donne to King Henry the Fourth, in the second year of his reign, hee then keeping his Christmas at Eltham; twelve aldermen and their sonnes rode a Mummung, and had great thanks."

We read of another mummung, in Henry the Fourth's time, in 'Fabyen's Chronicle,' edit. Pynson, 1516, fol. 169, "in whiche passe tyme the Dukes of Amnarle, of Surrey, and of Excester, with the Erls of Salesbury and Gloucester, with other of their affynte, made provysion for a Dysgysynge or a Mummynge to be shewed to the Kyng upon Twelfethe Nyghte, and the tyme was nere at hande, and all thinge readie for the same. Upon the sayde Twelfethe Daye came secretlye unto the Kyng the Duke of Amnarle, and shewyd to him, that he, wyth the othere lordys aforesayd, were appoynted to sle hym in the tyme of the froe sayd Dysgysynge." So that this Mummung, it should seem, had like to have proved a very serious jest.

In the tract intitled 'Round about our Coal-fire, or Christmas Entertainments,' 8vo. Lond., I find the following:—"Then comes mummung or masquading, when the Squire's wardrobe is ransacked for dresses of all kinds. Corks are burnt to black the faces of the fair, or make deputy-mustachios, and every one in the family, except the Squire himself, must be transformed."

This account further says:—"The time of the year being cold and frosty, the diversions are within doors, either in exercise or by the fire-side. Dancing is one of the chief exercises, or else there is a match at blindman's buff, or puss in the corner. The next game is 'Questions and Commands,' when the commander may oblige his subjects to answer any lawful question, and make the same obey him instantly, under the penalty of being smuted, or paying such forfeit as may be laid on the aggressor. Most of the other diversions are cards and dice."

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

We extract the following notice of this admirable institution from the 'New Year's Gift for 1835,' edited by Mrs Alarie Watts, a very attractive number of that periodical. We regret we cannot give the plate which accompanies it, presenting a Sister in the costume of the Society; but all who can afford to purchase the book should get it for their children, were it only for the plate and this article; and there are very good things in it besides. We had the pleasure of seeing a few of the Sisters of Charity once, in passing through the city of Lyons, albeit the glimpse presented us with little more than the skirts of their dress, for they were turning the corner of a street, we believe, in procession. We have nevertheless treasured up the sight in our memory, as a moral counterpart to that of the shining and heavenly top of Mont Blanc, which we saw from a road in the neighbourhood. Both sights seemed the nearest heaven of any we ever beheld.

"Oh! what a singular dress that young lady has on, and how thoughtful she looks," was the observation of Blanche Wilson, a lovely girl of ten years old, as she drew from a portfolio the engraving which may be seen on the opposite page.

"That lady, my dear," replied her mother, "belongs to a community whose lives are past amidst scenes of suffering and distress. It would not therefore be surprising if sympathy with the afflicted should have given a sedate expression to features lovely as those before you."

"Oh! do tell me her history," exclaimed the little girl eagerly, "where you first saw her, and why she wears that singular costume? I long to know all about her."

"I will answer your query first," replied her mother. "She wears that dress simply because it is the habit of the charitable order of which she is a member—an institution peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church, at once its highest boast and its greatest ornament."

"But what are the particular duties of these charitable Sisters?" inquired the little girl.

"Those of the Samaritan of old, my dear; to visit the sick poor, both at their own houses and at the public hospitals; to nurse and administer medicines, and to afford them the consolations of religion. These are the occupations of a Sister of Charity; duties simple in their enumeration, difficult in their

fulfilment, but boundless in their importance and extent."

"But, mamma, if their object is so praiseworthy, why have not we, Sisters of Charity as well as the Roman Catholics?" inquired the little girl.

"That is a question, Blanche," replied Mrs. Wilson, "that I have often put both to myself and others, but to which I have never received any satisfactory reply. I cannot believe that we have less benevolence amongst us than our Gallic neighbours. I am therefore bound to suppose, either that the idea has never occurred to the influential or humane, or that hitherto no ladies have been found of sufficient nerve to brave the misrepresentation and ridicule which would, in the first instance, attach to a Protestant Sisterhood."

"But, mamma," interrupted Blanche, "how often have I heard you yourself say, that—

'Evil and good report, if undeserved,
Is soon lived down.'

Think how different would have been the lot of hundreds of unhappy convicts, if Mrs. Fry had been deterred from attempting to better their condition from the mere dread of ridicule and misrepresentation."

"That is most true, my dear; nor do I yet despair of seeing among us, at some future day, an establishment very similar to the one founded by Vincent St Paul some two hundred years ago. Meantime I am happy to inform you, that at this very period a house is erecting between St Leonard's and Hastings for a community of these Charitable Sisters, who, in addition to the duties before enumerated, propose taking upon themselves the further responsibility of educating and fitting for domestic servants, as many of the destitute poor as the funds of the institution will permit. In this labour of love, to use their own words, they 'neither make distinction of sect nor creed,' nor accept nor expect any remuneration whatever."

"Oh! how very kind," interrupted Blanche, "but have they always been equally liberal in the distribution of their charity?"

"Always; from its first foundation. The benevolence of its projector was of too diffusive a character to limit his wishes of relieving distress to the members of his own church; and this truly Christian spirit is a distinguishing feature of the society to the present day. To the unwearied care of the Sisters are many hundreds of English wives and mothers indebted for the very existence of those they love. Thousands of British subjects, while languishing as prisoners in the hospitals of France, have borne witness how literally these daughters of Pity fulfil the injunction of their Divine Master, 'If thine enemy hunger, give him bread; if he thirst, give him drink.' Many of our fellow-countrymen are there at this moment, who can adopt the words of Scripture, and say, 'I was hungry, and ye gave me bread; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me; I was a stranger, and ye took me in!'"

Tears filled the eyes of the child as she continued her mother's quotation, and repeated the reply of our Lord to the query of his disciples, of ("when they had ministered unto him.") "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of my people, ye have done it unto me."

Both parent and child were silent for a few minutes, after which the former then continued the conversation.

"The Order of the Sisters of Charity was established by Vincent St Paul in the year 1629, assisted by the counsel and co-operation of a lady of rank, named Le Grés. This benevolent individual not only bestowed her whole fortune for the establishment of the institution, but took upon herself an active part in its management and labours. Thus, while the worthy pastor was travelling from town to town, and from village to village, preaching in aid of the funds of the Society, she remained at Paris, inciting the charitable of her own sex to become the dispensers of the bounty thus collected."

"On its first commencement, when hospitals were unhappily more scarce than they have since become, the afflicted poor were received into the houses of this community; but, alas! it was soon evident, that however ample the funds of the society might be, they were inadequate for a temporary maintenance of even half the unhappy claimants that presented themselves; the Sisters were therefore under the necessity of attending the least destitute poor at their own houses; and this excellent method of ascertaining the wants of the afflicted, as well as the best means of alleviating them, is pursued to the present day."

"But, mamma," inquired Blanche, "are not the Sisters of Charity obliged to take upon themselves some vows which are thought objectionable by Protestants?"

"The vows of the Sisters of Charity are simply these—Poverty, obedience, and service to the poor. These vows are limited to one year, although many continue their labours for a long life. During this period, their vow of 'poverty' prevents their enjoying property individually; neither can they marry; their 'obedience' consists in an adherence to the re-

gulations of the Society; and their 'service to the poor' in relieving the distressed, without distinction of creed or country."

"But, mamma," interrupted Blanche, "I do not see what could be objected to in anything you have named,—the vows are so simple, and for so short a period."

"It would detain us too long to enter minutely into that question," replied her mother; "but there can be no doubt that the arrangement might be so modified as to meet the scruples of the most timid; and it would be well for us all to bear in mind, that, even in its existing form, it is an institution of humanity. It does not immure its members within stone walls—it sends them forth into the world in all the beautiful energy of benevolence; and, when the calls on their labour of love have ceased, not cramped by indolence, or soured by austerity, but glowing with the wholesome fatigue of good work, to enjoy peaceful repose, until the dawn of another day calls them to minister to the affliction it brings with it."

"But the dress, mamma—the dress—how came they to choose so strange a costume? It is very unbecoming."

"I fancy, my dear, that persons who voluntarily take upon themselves the duties I have enumerated, would not be very solicitous on that head. The dress, with the exception of the head, is exactly similar to the one which the first sister, Madame Le Grés, is represented to have worn. It consists of a black stuff petticoat, with the body made jacket-wise; a blue apron, with stockings of the same colour; a white collar and cap, the latter modelled from the form which a handkerchief took for a moment, as it fell from the hand of Louis the Fourteenth on the head of one of the Sisters."

"How strange! But did the King accidentally drop his handkerchief?" inquired Blanche.

"No," replied her mother; "the Sister whom the King chanced to encounter happened to be very lovely, and his Majesty remarked, that 'she needed a veil to conceal her loveliness from vulgar eyes,' and, suiting the action to the word, invested her with the embroidered handkerchief he held in his hand. This is the origin of the only very singular part of their costume. But we will resume their history on some future occasion, when I trust to be able to narrate to you a series of anecdotes illustrative of their benevolence, which will greatly enhance the interest of the sketch on which our present conversation has originated."

FINE ARTS.

The Literary Souvenir. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

THE 'Literary Souvenir' does great credit to its class of publications this year, so far as we know it, namely, as to its plates. There is great variety, novelty, and interest, in the major part of the illustrations; and in many of them great beauty. To the 'Storm in Harvest,' however, we cannot concede the attribute of novelty; nor can we, unassisted by any enlightening text, divine the occasion of its being introduced in an Annual, at this time of day. It has certainly many points of merit; but it loses much by being in so confined a space; and, at the best, is not a very expressive design; the subject is not suited to Westall; the artificiality and superciliousness of his style are totally unfit for rustic subjects, or the representation of powerful feelings. The best bit in the thing, is the girl hiding her face in the young man's breast. We cannot altogether pass over the defects in the series, some of which are very conspicuous. What is there of Diana Vernon, in the so-called female? still greater difficulty is there in discerning aught of the 'Italian Peasant' in Mr Pickersgill's picture. There is a striking family likeness in all that artist's productions, and they are all most unequivocally English, be they called Spanish, Greek, or Italian. Still farther from all mark or likelihood is the gentlewoman who bears the name of 'Gulnare.' Where is the beauty, the voluptuousness, the passion? We know the artists are not always answerable for these *impropriations*; *aliases* are sometimes thrust upon their unlucky offspring, who are forced to disown their honest name, and shame their parents. This is cruelty! But oftentimes the artists themselves are so conscious of working at random, that they are glad if any stranger will decide upon the nature and meaning of what they have executed—are willing that any editor, or publisher, give their "airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

In these Annuals are various fantastic relationships devised; sometimes a design is made to illus-

trate prose or verse; sometimes prose or verse, by an inverse process, is made to suit the picture; and sometimes are text and design, equally innocent of all share in each other's being, total strangers till they meet at the publisher's, are sowed up side by side, and are made to pass for the nearest relations, friends by birth. We do not apply these remarks to the Annual before us, but to the class generally. It is an abuse that has many excuses, and there are many difficulties in the way of its avoidance; but it is not the less an abuse, and it were as well got rid of. Has not some such act of illegitimation been passed upon Stothard's picture, which is here called 'The Vintage?' There are grapes truly, and one out of the half-dozen figures is plucking them;—but what are the rest about? How do the close-packed group, the inactive postures of the figures, the total absence of bustle, or general vivacity, pourtray a vintage? Is it not rather an impersonation of the Seasons? The young woman to the right is Spring;—the maturer female, with the children, is genial Summer, the brown-skinned man is Autumn, the old crone, Winter. There is, no doubt, from the clearest internal evidence, that such is the original design, at whose door soever the misappropriation is to be laid, even should it be traced to the artist himself. As 'The Vintage,' beautiful as the individual figures are, it were tame, formal, and fantastic; as an allegory of the Seasons, it is beautifully expressive and simple, and the grouping graceful and appropriate. The tone and colouring are charming, and charmingly rendered by the engraver, J. Goodyear. There are two capital pieces of nature contributed by Collins, 'The Haunts of the Sea Fowl,' and 'Prawn Fishers'; the former is rather blackly engraved. The broad bit of solid green in the foreground, so real and so pleasing in the picture, has become heavy in the print, and the distance does not know its place so well. The 'Ancient Garden,' (sunset,) by Danby, is a striking picture; a little artificially made up, perhaps, but it has a fine, solemn, melancholy effect. 'Euphrosyne' by Stothard, has scarcely the semblance of mirth,—"heart easing,"—she looks gentle, and even cheerful, but she is not "mirth;" she lacks animal spirits; the head, considered as that of a beautiful girl, merely, is fine; in a certain graceful and epic simplicity, it is truly worthy of the English Raphael. There is a Bonington, 'Interior of the Abbey of St Ouen,' not one of the best by that artist, but effective; and a striking composition by Roberts, 'Rain—Sunset,' one of the very best we have seen of his; less mannered, but not less striking. The flower of the bunch, however, is 'Dorothea,' by Middleton. Cervantes's sweet description of the injured Dorothea has struck the fancy of many a painter, and numerous have been the attempts it has inspired; but never have we seen an attempt so completely successful as this of Middleton's. We do not remember to have seen this gentleman's name before, which possibly is our inattention; if he be a young man, we shall hope to see many more such creations. How truly lovely is the first glimpse we obtain of Dorothea in reading Don Quixote! What a mixture of beauty and mystery; of engaging helplessness, of a certain voluptuous negligence; how picturesque and touching is the accident, as a painter would call it, of her having her feet in the water; how it tells her weariness; what a natural and pretty restorative; and how it links the gentle, natural girl, with the elements and peacefulness of the scene around her. The young girl has wandered from her home, disguised as a boy; wearied with travel and her anxious thoughts, and, trusting to the solitude she is in, she sits down by a rivulet, and, slaking her weary little feet in the cool water, she abandons herself to her fatigued reflections, quite forgetting her disguise. What a subject for a picture; and here it is,—thanks to Mr Middleton. The figure is exceedingly elegant and womanly; the attitude expressive and graceful; the countenance tender, pensive, lovely, and sweet-natured. There is another production of Middleton's in the book, of a less interesting subject, but highly creditable to his talents in the execution. The rest of the engravings (there are five-and-twenty in all)

are of various interest and merit; we have mentioned the most remarkable. They are generally carefully and skilfully executed; and the getting up of the work is altogether handsome.

Elegy written in a Country Church-yard: by Thomas Gray. John Van Voorst.

Is Mr John Martin who signs the preface, the Mr Martin? "We merely ask for information," and that we may know to whom we are to be obliged for a very elegant and interesting edition of this popular poem. Every stanza is illustrated with an appropriate wood-cut, and many of the designs are truly beautiful, particularly the 'Sunset,' by Copley Fielding; the 'Dawn,' by Constable; the 'Father's Return,' by Stothard, though not of his best, is very pleasing; the little 'Village Hampden,' by Calcott is good; Mulready's 'Young Author,' waiting in the hall of his rich patron, is truly excellent—with the milliner, all trimming and cap-box, the sleeping porter, the "pampered menial" lounging insolently at the door. The book is not without defects, but the only one of any magnitude is a ludicrous misconception on the part of a Mr F. Howard of his author's meaning. It is in illustration of the stanza beginning "Here rests his head upon the lap of earth"—accordingly, we see a genteel young man in black, dressed like Mr Charles Kemble in Romeo, reclining by a rivulet, whereas the lines speak of a man who has received decent Christian burial.

BENTHAM ON ANGER.

[FROM his posthumous work, intitled 'Deontology,' from which so many excellent passages have been extracted in the LONDON JOURNAL.]

LET the passion of anger be analysed, and its consequences traced. When under its influence a man is suffering pain—pain produced by the contemplation of the act which has excited the passion, an immediate consequence is, a desire to produce pain in the breast of the party who has excited the anger. Anger, then, has in it two constant ingredients,—pain suffered by the angry man, and a desire to give pain to the person by whom he has been made angry. And now to the question of virtue and vice. As there is no anger without pain, the man who draws pain upon himself without the compensation of a more than equivalent pleasure, violates the law of prudence.

Next comes the desire to produce pain in the breast of the object of anger. This desire cannot be gratified without malevolence and maleficence. Here is an obvious violation of the law of benevolence. And here we have an exemplification of the relationship between passion and pain and pleasure; between passion and virtue and vice.

Cannot anger then be indulged without vice in both its shapes, without imprudence and without maleficence?

It cannot! It cannot, at least, whenever it rises to the height of passion. And here a more remote but more mischievous result presents itself to view, as a violation of the law of self-regarding prudence. The passion cannot be gratified but by the production of pain in his breast by whom the anger has been excited, and pain cannot be produced there without a counter desire to retaliate the pain or greater pain on him who has produced it. To the pain in the breast of the angry man there is a termination, and most commonly a speedy termination, but to the remote pain, which may be considered a third link in the chain of causes and effects, who can put a limit? Anger may have had what is called its revenge, but the exercise of that revenge may have created the durable passion of enmity, to whose consequences it is impossible to affix a boundary.

Since anger cannot exist without vice, what is to be done? Can a man exist without anger? Without anger can injuries be averted, can self-defence, can self-preservation be provided for?

Certainly not without the production of pain to him who has inflicted the injury. But to the production of this pain anger is not necessary. Anger is no more necessary than to the surgeon by whom, to save suffering or life, a painful operation is performed. No anger is excited in his breast by the view of the agony he inflicts, or by the contemplation of the greater evil which would follow but for his interference. That anger should never have place is not possible: it is not consistent with the structure of the human mind. But it may be said, and that on every occasion, and without any exception, that the less there is of it the better; for whatever pain is needful to the production of the useful effect, that pain will be much better measured without the passion than by it.

But, it may be said, there are circumstances in which not only pain—the natural effect of anger—pain purposely produced, but anger itself, the passion of anger, is useful and even necessary to the exist-

ence of society, and that these circumstances in our own country extend over the whole field of penal jurisprudence. I have been robbed—the offender, on conviction, will be capitally punished, or transported in a state of servitude. Shall I prosecute him? Not if self-regarding prudence is alone to be my counsellor; for her counsel would be—Add not to the loss inflicted by the robbery, the further loss inflicted on you by the prosecution. Not if I consult benevolence, for she would say—The punishment is too great for the offence. And such is the response which, in the knowledge of everybody, and especially when the punishment of death is menaced, frequently determines a man's conduct.

But, were the matter rightly considered, the response, it might be said, would be—Yes, prosecute; for the good of the community requires that neither the suffering of the offender in the shape of punishment, nor the suffering of yourself, the prosecutor, in the shape of vexation and expence, should be grudged. Good! But I can ill afford it: the pecuniary burden to me will be greater than that uncertain, unestimated, and remote benefit which will grow out of the prosecution and its results. Again, the responses of benevolence have no influence with me. Be they ever so decisive, they have not a preponderant weight in my mind.

In this case, neither prudence nor benevolence will produce action; and yet, if action were not produced, the security of society would suffer a serious shock—a shock serious in proportion to its frequency; and, if constant, security would be wholly destroyed, and the general ruin of property would immediately follow. The supposed virtue in both its forms is sufficient to preserve society, and anger, however dissocial its character, is indispensably necessary.

TABLE TALK.

Exquisite Rhyme.—(Butler, speaking of an apothecary):—

Stored with deleterious medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since.

—POETRY, PHILOSOPHY, RELIGION, are united in the spirit of Love. By that spirit, expanded and elevated, Intellect and Imagination create within themselves conceptions and emotions of the sublime and beautiful, the spiritual and the everlasting. Poetry is the produce of Love in its delight—Philosophy of Love in its wonder—Religion of Love in its gratitude—and thus, in all higher moods, the Three are One. Love broods on the wonders of its own delight, and Poetry is solemnized into Philosophy. Love is instructed in the first cause, and Philosophy is sanctified into Religion. Then sings the philosophical pious Poet his hymns and odes on Nature and Nature's God, and the tongues of men are as Angels.—*Essays on Spenser in Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Secret of Longevity.—Admiration and light contemplation are very powerful to the prolonging of life; for they hold the spirits in such things as delight them, and suffer them not to tumultuate or to carry themselves unquietly, and waywardly. And therefore all the contemplators of natural things which had so many and so eminent objects to admire (as Democritus, Plato, Parmenides, Apollonius,) were long lived; also Rhetoricians which tasted but lightly of things, and studied rather exornation of speech than profundity of matter, were long lived (as Gorgias, Protagoras, Isocrates, Seneca,) and certainly, as old men are, for the most part, talkative, so talkative men do often grow old: for it shews a light contemplation; and such as does not much strain the spirits, or vex them. But subtil, and acute, and eager inquisition shorten life; for it tireth the spirit, and wasteth it.—*Bacon's History of Life and Death.*

The Poor of England.—The poor deserve all the attention we can give them; they are grateful and respectful to their superiors, and most kind to one another. Contempt, or neglect, they will resent it, and they have a right to do so; but let any one manifest an interest in their concerns, address them kindly, assist them with discrimination, refuse, when necessary, with mildness, and reprove with temper, and he will never find reason to complain. As the almoner of public charities, I have been brought into contact with thousands of them of all grades, from the respectable artisan down to the imprisoned felon. I have never been treated with disrespect; and have far more frequently had reason to blush at the excess of their gratitude, than to reproach them for unthankfulness. Their kindness to one another in their distresses is most exemplary and affecting. When pleading for a neighbour, they will indeed urge the absence of every claim upon themselves, and their inability to afford any assistance; but after the aid they have been soliciting has either been obtained or denied, they will cheerfully divide their morsel, and perform voluntarily and gratuitously every service. Their faults are on the surface, and are often nothing more than that coarseness of manner which belongs to their station; but whoever will

study them thoroughly will be compelled to admire their general character, and will feel it an enviable privilege to be enabled to relieve distresses in which it is impossible not to sympathize, and to place them generally in circumstances which shall afford scope and encouragement to their virtues.—*Mr Oler, in Communications to the Poor-Law Commissioners.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F., who writes to us on a point in our Supplement connected with Northumberland House, shall have an explanation in our next. He is quite mistaken respecting the intention of the passage.

The Sonnet to F. M. W. will be inserted with pleasure.

ALANNENSIS and C. P. J. have our best thanks; but they will have seen that their communication was anticipated.

We respect J. D. for the way in which he consoles his misfortunes.

We congratulate A. N. on his happiness.

EVA shall be attended to, as soon as we have done our duty to 'Christie's Will.'

A READER has obliged us in pointing out to our attention the book he speaks of, connected with city history. We shall procure a sight of it.

The Tales mentioned by H. H. have a promising title; but we presume it would better suit his purpose to publish them elsewhere.

The verses of W. S. S. have good points, but are very unequal.

A communication from our friend, "The Hans Sachs of Dover," shall appear the first opportunity.

The elegant selection of French poetry, intitled *Fleurs de Poesie Moderne*, published by Messrs Chapman and Hall, has been received, and will have further notice.

W. H. C. appears to have a genuine taste for Pousain.

The kind recommendation of our Bristol friend shall be duly considered.

We had the pleasure of receiving both the letters of our friend W. H. S.

The question between A CONSTANT READER and his friend, respecting our non-notice of Mr Braham in other periodicals, is easily settled. We have had the pleasure of recording our admiration of him (so to speak) a thousand times.

We will make a point of seeing the articles mentioned by Mr A. C., and of taking his proposal into consideration.

The use of the word "domestic" in a national sense, as opposed to "foreign," is certainly not correct in the abstract, since, taken literally, it applies only to *domus* or the house; yet as all the internal politics of a nation affect people more or less in their domesticities, and may be said, literally as well as metaphorically, to "come home to men's business and bosoms," and as a strong sense of this identification of national and household interests is shown in a variety of phrases in use, such as "home-consumption," "at home and abroad," meaning out of doors merely, or in another country, &c., it appears to us that custom (a great warrant in itself) has justly determined the question so politely referred to our judgment by Mr C. R.

The 'Horrors of Atheism,' a Vision from Jean Paul Richter, shall appear speedily.

We should be happy to encourage the ingenious studies of E. N. who translates from Schiller; but can he not find some shorter passage?

We are obliged to ONE OF THE MILLION for his kind expressions. The edition alluded to is not an edition already existing, but one contemplated. Perhaps ONE OF THE MILLION will find the point in question satisfactorily noticed in an article which will appear in the LONDON JOURNAL next Wednesday.

The communication of our friend BOOKWORM next week. His wishes with regard to the printing shall be attended to.

MR TEAR'S 'One Step Further in Stenography' shall be noticed forthwith.

LONDON: Published by H. HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall East.
From the Steam-Press of G. & W. REYNOLDS, Little Palace-street.